Sr Martin Mar-all:

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

By Their Majesties Servants.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be sold by *Francis Saunders* at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1691.

Prologue.

Fools, which each Man meets in his Diſh each Day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear:
Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs:
One Story makes a ſtatutable Aſs;
But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like Yelks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving Poets all their Walks invade,
As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
For, Gallants, you your ſelves have found the Wit.
To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome thoſe who bring their Cheer along.

THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS.

Lord *Dartmouth*,	In Love with Mrs. *Chriſtian*.
Mr. *Moody*,	The Swaſh-Buckler.
Sir *Martin Marr-all*,	A Fool.
Warner,	His Man.
Sir *John Swallow*,	A Kentiſh Knight.
Lady *Dupe*,	The Old Lady.
Mrs. *Chriſtian*,	Her young Niece.
Mrs. *Milliſent*,	The Swaſh-Buckler's Daughter.
Roſe,	Her Maid.
Mrs. *Preparation*,	Woman to the Old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.
A Carrier.
Bayliffs.

The SCENE *Covent-Garden*.

Sir

Sir *MARTIN MARR-ALL:*

OR, THE

Feign'd Innocence.

ACT I.

Enter Warner *ſolus.*

Warn. WHere the Devil is this Maſter of mine? He is ever out of the way when he ſhould do himſelf good. This 'tis to ſerve a Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains than juſt thoſe I carry for him. Well! of all Fops commend me to him for the greateſt; he's ſo opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever deſigning ſomewhat, and yet he ſows his Stratagems ſo ſhallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up: from a plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it ſeems his Couſin's with him, then it is not ſo bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marr-all, *Lady* Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* I think 'twas well contriv'd for your Acceſs, to lodge her in the ſame Houſe with you.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis pretty well, I muſt confeſs.

Warn. Had he plotted it himſelf, it had been admirable. [*Aſide.*

La. *Dupe.* For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I ſo order'd it, the Choice ſeem'd his, not mine.

Sir *Mart.* I have hit of a thing my ſelf ſometimes, when wiſer Heads have miſs'd it——— But that might be meer Luck.

La. *Dupe.* Fortune does more than Wiſdom

Sir *Mart.* Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me;
I will not value any Man's Fortune at a Ruſh,

Except

Except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out.
But when do you expect 'em?

La. *Dupe*. This Tide will bring them from *Graveſend*.
You had beſt let your Man go as from me,
And wait them at the ſtairs in *Durham*-Yard.

Sir *Mart*. Lord, Couſin, what a-do is here with your Counſel!
As though I could not have thought of that my ſelf.
I could find in my heart not to ſend him now—— ſtay a little,
——— I could ſoon find out ſome other way.

Warn. A minute's ſtay may loſe your Buſineſs.

Sir *Mart*. Well, go then, —— but you muſt grant, if he had ſtay'd I could have found a better way, —— you grant it?

La. *Dupe*. For once I will not ſtand with you—— [*Ex*. Warner.
'Tis a ſweet Gentlewoman, this Mrs. *Milliſent*, if you can get her.

Sir *Mart*. Let me alone for plotting.

La. *Dupe*. But, by your favour, Sir, 'tis not ſo eaſie,
Her Father has already promis'd her;
And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the Man—— but the old Squire is humourſome,
He's ſtout, and plain in Speech, and in Behaviour:
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of Breeding,
But ſtands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things,
This we muſt work upon.

Sir *Mart*. Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Couſin?
[*Enter Mrs*. Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe*. O my dear Niece, I have ſome buſineſs with you.
[*Whiſpers*.

Sir *Mart*. Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i'th' *Piazza's*;
A thouſand things are hammering in this Head;
'Tis a fruitful Noddle, though I ſay it. [*Ex*. *Sir* Martin.

La. *Dupe*. Go thy ways, for a moſt conceited Fool——
But to our Buſineſs, Couſin: you are young, but I am old, and have had all the Love-experience, that a diſcreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me inſtruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's marry'd, ſo that we cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

La. *Dupe*. But there are Advantages enough for you, if you will be wiſe, and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counſel with Secrecy and Obedience.

La. *Dupe*. Sweet-heart, it ſhall be the better for you another day: well then, this Lord, that pretends to you, is crafty and falſe, as moſt Men

Men are, especially in Love;—— therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a Kiss: but you must weep and sigh, and say you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so; and play the Innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And be sure, when he has tows'd you, not to appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* That he may think you have told me.

Chr. I, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And keep your Chamber, and say your Head akes.

Chr. O most extreamly, Madam.

La. *Dup.* And lock the door, and admit of no Night-Visits: at Supper I'll ask, Where's my Cousin; and being told you are not well, I'll start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself; for I will presently wait on him agen.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Then somewhat discompos'd, I'll say, I doubt the Measles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd; saying, poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue; and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my Servants Ears, and have those whispers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordship thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

La. *Dupe.* A hopeful Girl! then will I eat nothing that night, feigning my Grief for you; but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my Passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. *Dupe.* A dainty Girl! and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return straight to his Lordship: but after I am gone, send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. *Dupe.* And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

La. *Dupe.* Then what the Lyon's Skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes Subtilty muſt next ſupply, and that is juſt, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks Treaties are their Advantage: eſpecially when his Paſſion muſt be ſatisfied at any Rate, and you keep ſhop to ſet the Price of Love: ſo now you ſee the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the bleſſing of Heav'n upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. *Dupe.* My Bleſſing and my Prayers go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heireſs you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. *Dupe.* How e'er I am Sir *Martin*'s Friend, I muſt not ſeem his Enemy.

Sir *John.* Madam, this fair young Lady begs the Honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freſhneſs of the Country up to Town with you. [*They ſalute.*

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen uſe, at an *Eaſter*-Term, to the deſtruction of Tarts and Cheeſecakes, to ſee a new Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and ſo down agen to ſleep with my Forefathers.

Sir *John.* Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languiſh for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indiſpos'd with your Voyage; will you pleaſe to ſee the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* This is the door —— there is a Gentleman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might preſume on your Commands. [*Whiſpers.*

Mill. You mean Sir *Martin Marr-all*: I am glad he has entruſted his Paſſion with ſo diſcreet a Perſon. [*Whiſpers.*

La. *Dupe.* Sir *John*, let me intreat you to ſtay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir *John.* I ſhall obey you, Madam. [*Exeunt Women.*

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *John.* Sir *Martin Marr-all!* moſt happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir *Mart.* Some three days ſince, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir *John.* Why, what's the matter, Man?

Sir *Mart.* My villainous old Luck ſtill follows me in Gaming, I never

ver throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and, which moſt mads me, I loſe all my Sets, when I want but one of up.

Sir *John.* The pleaſure of Play is loſt, when one loſes at that unreaſonable rate.

Sir *Mart.* But I have ſworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir *John.* The Oaths of loſing Gameſters are moſt minded; they forſwear play as an angry Servant doth his Miſtreſs, becauſe he loves her but too well.

Sir *Mart.* But I am now taken up with Thoughts of another nature: I am in Love, Sir.

Sir *John.* That's the worſt Game you could have play'd at, ſcarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you ſet your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But 'is your Miſtreſs Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir *Mart.* I can aſſure you, Sir, mine is a Maid;
The Heireſs of a wealthy Family,
Fair to a Miracle.

Sir *John.* Does ſhe accept your Service?

Sir *Mart.* I am the only Perſon in her Favour. [*Enter* Warner.

Sir *John.* Is ſhe of Town or Country?

Warn aſide.] How's this?

Sir *Mart.* She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury.*

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival——— [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Near *Canterbury*, ſay you? I have a ſmall Eſtate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one beſides.

Sir *Mart.* I'll tell you then; Being at *Canterbury*,
It was my Fortune, once in the Cathedral Church———

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intruſt this Man with your Affair thus?———

Sir *Mart.* Truſt him? why he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you, a word, Sir———

Sir *Mart.* Prithee leave fooling:——and, as I was ſaying——I was in the Church when I firſt ſaw this Fair one.

Sir *John.* Her Name, Sir, I beſeech.

Warn. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, have a care!

Sir *Mart.* Thou art ſuch a Coxcomb—— Her Name's *Milliſent.*

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir *John. Milliſent*, ſay you? that's the Name of my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* Lord! what Luck is that now! well, Sir, it happen'd,

one of her Gloves fell down, I ſtoop'd to take it up, and in the ſtooping made her a Complement——

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick skull'd Maſter of mine tell the whole Story to his Rival——

Sir *Mart.* You'll ſay, 'twas ſtrange, Sir; but at the firſt Glance we caſt on one another, both our Hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and, with a tickling kind of pain, ſlid to each others breaſt, and in one moment, ſettled as cloſe and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their Lodging. I follow'd her ſomewhat at a diſtance, becauſe her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Sawcy Raſcal, avoid my ſight; Muſt you tutor me? So, Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's Houſe, without whoſe knowledge I did court the Daughter, and both then and often ſince, coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her Kindneſs to me.

Warn. You had beſt tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your Love under-hand with her.

Sir *Mart.* Well remember'd i' faith; I thank thee for that, I had forgot it, I proteſt! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you ſee here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman——

Warn. O the Devil——

Sir *Mart.* In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in her Miſtreſs's Favour, ſo well ſollicited my Cauſe, that, in fine, I gain'd from fair Miſtreſs *Milliſent* an Aſſurance of her Kindneſs, and an Ingagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair diſcovery!——

Sir *John.* A moſt pleaſant Relation I aſſure you: you are a happy Man, Sir! but what Occaſion brought you now to *London?*

Sir *Mart.* That was in expectation to meet my Miſtreſs here; ſhe writ me word from *Canterbury*, ſhe and her Father ſhortly would be here.

Sir *John.* She and her Father, ſaid you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heavens ſake, tell him all——

Sir *Mart.* So I will, Sir, without your bidding: her Father and ſhe are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge, by my Contrivance, in yon' Houſe; the Maſter of which is a cunning Raſcal as any in Town------- him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to ſpeak ſo ſcandalouſly of my Landlord.

Sir *Mart.* Peace, or I'll break your Fool's Head, —— So that by his means I ſhall have free Egreſs and Regreſs when I pleaſe, Sir—— without her Father's Knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this——

Sir

Sir *John*. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to ſpeak openly to her Father.

Sir *Mart*. Thank you for that i'faith, in ſpeaking to old *Moody*, I may ſoon ſpoil all.

Warn. So, now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis paſt recovery.

Sir *John*. Is her Father's Name *Moody*, ſay you?

Sir *Mart*. Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir *John*. Yes, Sir, I know him for a Man
Who is too wiſe for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never marry his Daughter to you.

Sir *Mart*. Why, there's the Jeſt on't:
He ſhall never know it: 'tis but your
Keeping of my Counſel; I'll do as much for you
Mun——

Sir *John*. No, Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your ſelf about this Lady; her Affections are otherwiſe engag'd to my knowledge—hark in your Ear—her Father hates a Gameſter like a Devil: I'll keep your Counſel for that too.

Sir *Mart*. Nay, but this is not all, dear Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. This is all, I aſſure you: only I will make bold
To ſeek your Miſtreſs out another Lodging—— [*Ex. Sir* John.

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent poſture,
Thank your incomparable Diſcretion——— this was a Stratagem my ſhallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir *Mart*. I hope thou art not in earneſt, Man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'sLife, he has not found it out all this while!
Well, Sir, for a quick Apprehenſion let you alone.

Sir *Mart*. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know on't?
And why the Devil didſt thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the firſt of your Devils, I anſwer; her Maid *Roſe* told me on't: to the ſecond, I wiſh a thouſand Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir *Mart*. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her Father at the Water-ſide, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I directed him; ſo that, if you had not labour'd to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in the ſame Houſe with your Miſtreſs, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of your Rival, or of her Father, but 'tis well, you have ſatisfied your talkative Humour; I hope you have ſome new Project of your own to ſet all right again: for my part, I confeſs, all my Deſigns for you, are wholly ruin'd; the very Foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir *Mart.* Prithee, inſult not over the Deſtiny of a poor undone Lover; I am puniſh'd enough for my Indiſcretion, in my Deſpair, and have nothing to hope for now but Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word; things are not brought to that Extremity; I'll caſt about to ſave all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* Oh, Sir *Martin*! yonder has been ſuch a ſtir within; Sir *John*, I fear, ſmoaks your deſign, and by all means would have the old Man remove his Lodging; pray God your Man has not play'd falſe.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb ſufficient to do it, my Maſter knows that none but ſuch a great Calf as I could have done it, ſuch an over-grown Aſs, a ſelf-conceited Ideot as I———

Sir *Mart.* Nay, *Warner*———

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone: —— what is it to you if I rail upon my ſelf? now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, ſweet *Warner.*

Warner. What a good Maſter have I! and I to ruine him! Oh! Beaſt!———

La. *Dupe.* Not to diſcourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, this ſtorm is

Sir *Mart.* As how, dear Couſin?

La. *Dupe.* When I heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the firſt hint of it, and join'd with him, ſaying, If ſhe were ſuch an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in ſhort, I ratled him ſo well, that Sir *John* was the firſt who did deſire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinſwoman.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my ſelf———

Warn. Are you there agen, Sir? —— now as I have a Soul——

Sir *Mart.* Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my ſelf a little, I leave my ſelf wholly to you, and my Couſin: get but my Miſtreſs for me, and claim what-e'er Reward you can deſire.

Warn. Hope of Reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and I'll find the Wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady Dupe, *and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Chr. IT happened, Madam, juſt as you ſaid it would,
But was he ſo concern'd for my feign'd Sickneſs?

La. *Dupe.* So much that *Moody*, and his Daughter, our new Gueſts, took notice of the Trouble, but the Cauſe was kept too cloſe for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in Love, and then ——

La. *Dupe.* And then thou ſhalt diſtil him into Gold, my Girl.
Yonder he comes, I'll not be ſeen: —— you know
Your Leſſon, Child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you; [*Enter Lord* Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Miſtreſs *Chriſtian*,
How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm, I warrant you, but why are you ſo 'fraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I ~~have not~~ yet claw'd off your laſt ill Uſage, and now I feel my old Fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back ſhuts and opens; I, juſt ſo it began before.

Lord. Nay, my ſweet Miſtreſs, be not ſo unjuſt,
To ſuſpect any new Attempt:
I am too penitent for my laſt Fault,
So ſoon to ſin again ——
I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never ſhall repent your Goodneſs to me.
But may not I preſume there was ſome little
Kindneſs in it, which mov'd you to conceal my
Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have my Aunt angry with you, for all this earthly good;
But yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me ſit nearer to you:
You do not underſtand what Love I bear you.
I vow it is ſo pure ——
My Soul's not ſullyed with one ſpot of Sin:

Were

Were you a Daughter or a Sister to me,
With a more holy Flame I cou'd not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words—— I cannot understand you.

Lord. The Business of my Life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and see you settled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me?
[*Touching her Hand glov'd.*
Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie, my Lord, in faith you are to blame.
[*Pulling her Hand away.*

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour, ere we do ingage. [*Pulls at her Glove.*

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. I fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's against the Law of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preserve it. [*Hugging her bare Hand.*

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me; nay — if you squeeze it ne'er so hard —— there's nothing to come out on't —— fie——— is this loving one?——What makes you take your Breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can answer her a word,
All my Sences are quite employ'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er stir, my Lord, I must cry out———

Lord. Then I must stop your Mouth———this Ruby for a Kiss—— that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within.] Why, Niece, where are you, Niece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I shall be hang'd for staying with you——— let me go, my Lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* My Lord, Heaven bless me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord.

Lord. I was juſt wiſhing for you, Madam, your Niece and I have been ſo laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman—— I muſt go paſs an hour with him. [*Exit* Lord.

Chr. You made a little too much haſte;
I was juſt exchanging a Kiſs for a Ruby.

Lady. No harm done; it will make him come on the faſter:
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly:
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.

Chr. But what muſt I do next?

La. *Dupe.* Tell him I grew ſuſpicious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love, which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you;
So that you tremble when you ſee his Lordſhip.

Chr. And that your Daughters are ſo envious, that they would raiſe a falſe Report to ruine me.

La. *Dupe.* Therefore you deſire his Lordſhip,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence-forward to forbear his Viſits to you.

Chr. But how if he ſhould take me at my word?

La. *Dupe.* Why, if the worſt come to the worſt, he leaves you an honeſt Woman, and there's an end on't: but fear not that, hold out his Meſſages, and then he'll write, and that's it, my Bird, which you muſt drive it to: then all his Letters will be ſuch Ecſtaſies, ſuch Vows and Promiſes, which you muſt anſwer ſhort and ſimply, yet ſtill ply out of 'em your Advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' houſe, he will not write.

La. *Dupe.* You Fool—— he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And, rather then fail, ſend his Page-Poſt with it upon a Hobby-horſe: ———then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him, by my being there; he'll curſe me, but I care not.
When you are alone he'll urge his Luſt, which anſwer you with Scorn and Anger———

Chr. As thus, an't pleaſe you, Madam?
What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To ſatisfie his Pleaſure?

La. *Dupe.* Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.

Chr By'r Lady, and thoſe are ſhrewd Arguments;
But I am reſolv'd I'll ſtop my Ears.

La. *Dupe.* Then when he ſees no other thing will move you,
He'll ſign a Portion to you before-hand:
Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir John, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe.

Sir *John.* Now, fair Mrs. *Milliſent*, you ſee your Chamber,
Your Father will be buſie a few minutes, and in the mean time permits me the Happineſs to wait on you———

Mill. Methinks you might have choſe us better Lodgings,
This Houſe is full; the other, we ſaw firſt, was more convenient.

Sir *John.* For you perhaps, but not for me:
You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir *John.* You know Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to you.

Mill. I know more Men beſides him.

Sir *John.* But you love none beſides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me ſo, I will not ſatisfie you.

Sir *John.* Then, I perceive, I am not likely to be ſo much oblig'd to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance——— I'll not believe a word on't———

Sir *John.* That's as you pleaſe: however 'tis believ'd,
His Wit will not much credit your Choice.
Madam, do Juſtice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love.
By this time your Father ſtays for me: I ſhall be diſcreet enough to keep this Fault of yours from him.
The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture:
And I would beg your pardon for my Abſence,
But that my Crime is puniſh'd in it ſelf. [*Exit.*

Mill. Could I ſuſpect this uſage from a favour'd Servant!

Roſe. Firſt hear Sir *Martin* ere you quite condemn him.
Conſider, 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf——
Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Roſe. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it ſo naturally, it can be ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd.

Mill. Nay, he has Wit enough, that's certain.

Roſe. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his Buſineſs?
I wonder, after ſuch a Crime,
If his Maſter has the Face to ſend him to me!

Roſe. How durſt you venture hither?
If either Sir *John* or my old Maſter ſee you.

Warn. Piſh! they are both gone out.

Roſe. They went but to the next ſtreet; ten to one but they return and catch you here. *Warn.*

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and ſave 'em a labour.

Mill. What ſays that Fellow to you? What buſineſs can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladiſhip ſhould ask that queſtion,
Knowing whom I ſerve!

Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Maſter.

Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your Ladiſhip moſt admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may ſpeak a word or two to you from my ſelf, Madam.

Roſe. 'Twas a ſweet Prank your Maſter play'd us: a Lady's well helpt up that truſts her Honour in ſuch a Perſons hands: to tell all ſo— and to his Rival too.
Excuſe him if thou canſt. [*Aſide.*

Warn. How the Devil ſhould I excuſe him? thou knoweſt he is the greateſt Fop in Nature——— [*Aſide to* Roſe.

Roſe. But my Lady does not know it; if ſhe did———

Mill. I'll have no whiſpering.

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to ſpeak out,
Unleſs you can take Mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Maſter, Madam.
But ſure I little thought he was his Rival.

Roſe. The witty Rogue has taken't on himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Mill. Your Maſter then is innocent?

Warn. Why, could your Ladiſhip ſuſpect him guilty?
Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful,
Or a Fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you ſee not the depth of him.
But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him,
As I am faithful, and muſt tell him——
I wiſh he does not take ſome Pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad, I hope, to tell him on't;
If thou doſt, I'll be ſworn, I'll forſwear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'll pardon me,
I'll ſee what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This Evening, in S. *James*'s Park, I'll meet him. [*Knock within.*

Warn. He ſhall not fail you, Madam.

Roſe. Some body knocks — Oh, Madam, what ſhall we do!
'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his Voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door.

[*He goes out.*

To them Sir John.

Mill. You've made a quick diſpatch, Sir.
Sir *John.* We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within—— but I muſt look ſome Writings.
Mill. Where are they laid?
Sir *John.* In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room. { *Is going to the door.*
Mill. Pray ſtay a little, Sir ——
Warn. at the door. He muſt paſs juſt by me; and if he ſees me, I am but a dead Man.
Sir *John.* Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?
Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you.
'Tis of Importance to you ——
Sir *John.* Give me leave ——
Mill. I muſt not before I diſcover the Plot to you.
Sir *John.* What Plot?
Mill. Sir *Martin*'s Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his Maſter, to have met him.
Warn. at the door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gunpowder at my Breech, to ramm me into ſome hole.
Mill. For my part, I was ſo ſtartled at the Meſſage,
That I ſhall ſcarcely be my ſelf theſe two days.
Sir *John.* Oh, that I had the Raſcal! I would teach him
To come upon ſuch Errands.
Warn. at the door. Oh, for a gentle Compoſition now!
An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.
Sir *John.* What Anſwer did you make the Villain?
Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promiſe
Of an Appointment of a Place I nam'd,
Where I ne'er meant to come: but wou'd have had
The Pleaſure firſt to tell you how I ſerv'd him.
Sir *John.* And then to chide your mean ſuſpicion of me,
Indeed I wonder'd you ſhould love a Fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?
Mill. In *Gray*'s-*Inn* Walks.
Warn. at the door. By this Light, ſhe has put the Change upon him!
O ſweet Woman-kind!
How I love thee for that Heavenly Gift of Lying!
Sir *John.* For this Evening I will be his Miſtreſs;
He ſhall meet another *Penelope* than he ſuſpects.
Mill. But ſtay not long away.
Sir *John.* You over-joy me, Madam. [*Exit. Warn.*

Warn. entring. Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Gray's-Inn* Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and ſee thy Maſter.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot ſhall ſend his Rival far enough from watching him e're long.

Mill. Art thou in earneſt?

Warn. 'Tis ſo deſign'd, Fate cannot hinder it.
Our Landlord, where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings ſhould be ſo left by Sir *John*, is reſolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the Way.
You'll ſee th' Effect on't preſently.

Roſe. O Heavens! the door opens agen, and Sir *John* is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* Half my buſineſs was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Raſcal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, elſe I muſt have left untold a Meſſage I have for you.

Sir *John.* Well, What's your buſineſs, Sirrah?

Warn. We muſt be private firſt; 'Tis only for your Ear.

Roſe. I ſhall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Maſter's Order——

Sir *John.* I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I ſhall deſerve it, Sir;
I came to ſound the Vertue of your Miſtreſs; which I have done ſo cunningly, I have at laſt obtain'd the Promiſe of a Meeting.
But my good Maſter, whom I muſt confeſs more generous than wiſe, knowing you had a Paſſion for her, is reſolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may ſee how much he loves you, ſent me in private to adviſe you ſtill to have an Eye upon her Actions.

Sir *John.* Take this Diamond for thy good News;
And give thy Maſter my Acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Maſters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good will in to the bargain. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Madam, I am now ſatisfied of all ſides; firſt of your Truth, then of Sir *Martin*'s Friendſhip.
In ſhort, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.

Mill. *Warner* is got off, as I would wish, and the Knight over-reach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord, *disguis'd like a Carrier.*

Rose. How now! What would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord, whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance——— [*Aside to her.*

Landl. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear News of him in this House.

Sir *John.* Friend, I am the Man: What have you to say to me?

Landl. Nay, 'Faith, Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:
There's plaguy News in't, I can tell you that.

Sir *John.* From whom is your Letter?

Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony.*

Sir *John.* Give me your Letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far——— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir *John.* Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Landl. I think I feel it now; this shou'd be who?

Sir *John.* Pluck it out then.

Landl. I'll pluck out my Spectacles, and see first. [*Reads.*
To Mr. *Paul Grimbald*—— Apprentice to——
No, that's not for you, Sir.— that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson.*

Sir *John.* Prithee dispatch; dost thou not know the Contents on't?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster.*

Sir *John.* Well, What's the Business on't?

Landl. Nay, no great Business; 'tis but only that your Worship's Father's dead.

Sir *John.* My Loss is beyond expression! how dy'd he?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any Man in *England*, And when he awaken'd the next morning——

Sir *John.* What then?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir *John.* Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Estate; Heaven knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all Occasions to be from me.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John*. Dear [illegible] ſay not ſo, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, [illegible] comeſt Man alive!
Let me embrace my [illegible].

Roſe. How untowardly he returns the Salute? *Warner* will be found our. [*Aſide*.

Sir *John*. Well, Friend, you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir *Mart*. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I ſcorn your words; and I would I were hang'd if it be not the tartheſt of my Thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool moſt naturally.
Were we alone, how would we laugh together? [*Aſide*.

Sir *John*. This is a double Generoſity,
To do me Favours and conceal 'em from me;
But honeſt *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir *Mart*. What has the Raſcal told you?

Sir *John*. Your Plot to try my Miſtreſs for me —— you underſtand me, concerning your Appointment.

Warn. Sir, I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.

Sir *Mart*. This impertinent Raſcal, when I am moſt buſie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I ſhould ſpeak with you, good Sir.

Sir *Mart*. That's a good one i'faith, thou knoweſt Breeding well, that I ſhould whiſper with a Serving-man before Company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, laſt time it had been better——

Sir *Mart*. Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fiſts;
If I don't fright him, the ſawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted moſt naturally again. [*Aſide*.

Sir *John to him*. But what needs this diſſembling, ſince you are reſolv'd to quit my Miſtreſs to me?

Sir *Mart*. I quit my Miſtreſs! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forſaken me. [*Aſide*.

Sir *Mart*. I underſtand you, Madam, you would ſave
A Quarrel; but i'faith I am not ſo baſe:
I'll ſee him hang'd firſt.

Warn. Madam, my Maſter is convinc'd, in Prudence
He ſhould ſay ſo; but Love o'ermaſters him:
When you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;
I ſee my Preſence brings conſtraint to the Company. [*Ex*. Mill. Roſ.

Sir *John*.

Sir *John.* I'm glad she's gone, now we [illegible]more freely;
For if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; [illegible]you send me of a message to Sir *John*, that for his Friendship [illegible]s Mrs. *Millisent?*

Sir *Mart.* Why, what an impudent lyi[illegible]t thou!

Sir *John.* How's this! Has *Warner* cheat[illegible]

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: You know, Sir,
It was not generous before a Lady,
To say he quitted her.

Sir *John.* O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: say, Yes, good Sir *John* — or I'll swinge you. [*Aside.*

Sir *Mart.* Yes, good Sir *John.*

War. That's well; once in his life he has heard good Counsel. [*Aside.*

Sir *Mart.* Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a surfeited Horse, cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another. [*Aside.*

Sir *Mart.* Honest Landlord, i'faith, and what makes you here?

Sir *John.* Are you acquainted with this honest Man?

Landl. Take heed what you say, Sir. [*To Sir* Martin *softly.*

Sir *Mart.* Take heed what I say, Sir, why? who should I be afraid of of you? Sir, I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to know him, Sir, for I am sure I lodge in his House, Sir — nay, never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles* Street, Sir.

Landl. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir *John.* Sirrah! Did not you tell me that my Father —

Landl. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beseech you to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir *John.* Who set you on to tell this Lye?

Sir *Mart.* I, Who set you on, Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your Maribones, and confess the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Rascal?

Sir *John.* Sure 'tis some silenc'd Minister: he's grown so fat, he cannot speak.

Landl. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your sake I did it.

Warn. For my Master's sake! why, you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'scape us with a Lye?

Sir *John.* How was it for his sake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' Occasion the Lady lodg'd not at his house, and so he invented this Lye; partly to revenge himself of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again, when you were gone.

Sir *John.*

Sir *John*. Fetch … prithee.

Landl. O good… me, I ſhall run into Oil immediately.

Warn. Hang hi… below your Anger: I'll maul him for you — the R… think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*

Landl. O Rogu…, *Warner*! bid him hold. And I'll confeſs, S…

Warn. Get you … without replying: muſt ſuch as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*

Enter Roſe. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir *John*. Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad Repaſt?

Sir *Mart*. Thank you; but I am juſt riſen from Table.

Warn. Now he might ſit with his Miſtreſs, and has not the Wit to find it out. [*Aſide.*

Sir *John*. You ſhall be very welcome.

Sir *Mart*. I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Puſhes him.*

Sir *Mart*. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would ſhame me;
He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir *John*. If you will not, adieu, dear Sir;
In any thing command me. [*Exit.*

Sir *Mart*. Now we are alone; Han't I carry'd Matters bravely, Sirrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deſerve Sugar-Plums; Firſt, For
Your quarrelling with Sir *John*; then for diſcovering your Landlord;
And laſtly, For refuſing to dine with your Miſtreſs:
All this is ſince the laſt Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir *Mart*. Then why did my Landlord diſguiſe himſelf, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have ſo little Brains, that a penn'orth of Butter melted under 'em, would ſet 'em afloat: he put on that Diſguiſe to rid you of your Rival.

Sir *Mart*. Why was not I worthy to keep your Counſel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the Secret down, and piſs'd it out to the next company.

Sir *Mart*. Well, I find I am a miſerable Man: I have loſt my Miſtreſs, and may thank my ſelf for't.

Warn. You'll not confeſs you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir *Mart*. Well, I am a Fool, if that will ſatisfie you:
But what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide

vide for you; as Hospitals are built [illegible]ple, because they cannot help themselves.

Well; I have yet a Project in my Pate.

Sir *Mart.* Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: but whil[illegible]king, You would do well to serve your self in [illegible] Father's good Opinion.

Sir *Mart.* If you will not tell me, my M[illegible] me I shall discover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can possible.

——— *For Secrets are edg'd Tools,*
And must be kept from Children, and from Fools. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Rose *and* Warner *meeting.*

Rose. YOur Worship's most happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladiship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you, that———

Warn. I have that to tell you———

Rose. Understand then———

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Rose. I believe that——

Warn. I am of Opinion that———

Rose. Prithee hold thy peace a little, till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Mistress *Rose*, I'll not dispute your ancient Priviledges of Talking.

Rose. My Mistress, knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon business this Afternoon, has ask'd leave to see a Play: and Sir *John* has so great a confidence of your Master, that he will trust no body with her, but him.

Warn. If my Master gets her out, I warrant her, he shall shew her a better Play than any is at either of the Houses—— here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Old Moody, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and Lady* Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. *Dupe.* Send to call a Coach there.

Moody. But what kind of Man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go?

Lady. A plain downright Country Gentleman, I aſſure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't.
For I hate one of thoſe you call a Man o'th' Town,
One of thoſe empty Fellows of meer Outſide:
They've nothing of the true old *Engliſh* Manlineſs.

Roſe. I confeſs, Sir, a Woman's in a ſad Condition, that has nothing to truſt to, but a Perriwig above, and a well trimm'd Shooe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John*'s Friend; he is for your humor, Sir; he is no Man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of Plainneſs.

Sir *Mart.* I, Madam, your Ladiſhip may ſay your pleaſure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not ſee him firſt———

Sir *Mart.* But as for Painting, Muſick, Poetry, and the like, I'll ſay this of my ſelf —

Warn. I'll ſay that for him, my Maſter underſtands none of 'em, I aſſure you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* You impudent Raſcal, hold your tongue: I muſt rid my hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever diſcrediting me before Company.

Mood. Never trouble your ſelf about it, Sir, for I like a Man that—

Sir *Mart.* I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worſe of me for his prating: for, though I do not boaſt of my own good parts———

Warn. He has none to boaſt of upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opinion of more——

Warn. Of more than their Flattery can make good, Sir — 'tis true he tells you they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conſcience, he is the moſt downright ſimple natur'd Creature in the World.

Sir *Mart.* I ſhall conſider you hereafter, Sirrah; but I am ſure, in all Companies I paſs for a *Virtuoſo.*

Mood. Virtuoſo! What's that too? Is not *Virtue* enough, without *O ſo?*

Sir *Mart.* You have Reaſon, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town-phraſe, a great Compliment I wiſs; You have Reaſon, Sir; that is, You are no Beaſt, Sir.

Warn. A word in private, Sir; You miſtake this old Man; he loves neither Painting, Muſick, nor Poetry; yet recover your ſelf, if you have any Brains. [*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say you ſo? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you —— I beg your pardon a thouſand times, Sir; I vow to Gad I am not Maſter of any of thoſe Perfections; for, in fine,
Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Muſick, and Poetry;
Only ſome rude Eſcapes —— but, in fine, they are ſuch, that,
In fine, Sir ——

Warn. This is worſe than all the reſt. [*Aſide.*

Mood. By Coxbones, one word more of all this Gibberiſh, and old Madge ſhall flie about your Ears: What is this *in fine*, he keeps ſuch a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phraſe *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Converſation now, as a Whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midſt of a Diſcourſe, for a thinking while.

La. *Dupe.* In plain Engliſh, *in fine* is, in the end, Sir.

Mood. But, by Coxbones, there's no end on't methinks: if thou wilt have a fooliſh word to lard thy lean Diſcourſe with, take an *Engliſh* one when thou ſpeakeſt *Engliſh*; as, So Sir, and, Then Sir, and So forth; 'tis a more Manly kind of Nonſence: and a Pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I muſt help him out. [*Aſide.*
Madam there's a Coach at door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which Houſe do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir *Mart* 'Tis a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill Then let us to the King's.

Sir *Mart.* That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is paſt enduring. [*Aſide.*
There was an ill Play ſet up, Sir, on the Poſts, but I can aſſure you the Bills are altered ſince you ſaw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houſes.

Mood. But my Daughter loves ſerious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir *Mart.* I have heard her ſay ſhe loves none but Tragedies.

Mood.

Mood. Where have you heard her ſay ſo, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your ſelf, you never ſaw her in your life before.

Sir *Mart.* What, not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudenteſt Raſcal ———

Warn. Mum, Sir, ———

Sir *Mart.* Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I ſet eyes on her before this day — I wiſh ———

Mood. This Fellow is not ſo much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be diſcover'd for a Wit: this 'tis to over-act ones part! [*Aſide.*

Mood. Come away, Daughter, I will not truſt you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd. [*Ex.* Mood. Mill. Lad. Roſe.

Sir *Mart.* Why do you frown upon me ſo, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? what have I done beſides a little *lapſus linguæ*?

War. Why, who ſays you have done any thing? y'are a meer Innocent.

Sir *Mart.* As the Child that's to be born, in my intentions; if I know how I have offended my ſelf any more than in one word ——

Warn. But don't follow me however—I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll follow you to the Worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am reſolv'd to lead you a Dance then. [*Exit running.*

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I muſt mollifie him with Money. [*Exit.*

Enter La. *Dupe.* Truly my little Couſin's the apteſt Scholar, and takes out Love's Leſſons ſo exactly, that I joy to ſee it: ſhe has got already the Bond of Two thouſand Pounds ſeal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and ſo let him: *Mark Anthony* wooed not at ſo dear a price.

To her Chriſtian. O Madam! I fear I am breeding!

La. A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your Foundations, a little to diſſemble.

La. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a Bleſſing in ſtore upon our Endeavours.

Chr. I feign'd my ſelf ſick, and kept my Bed; my Lord he came to viſit me, and, in the end, I diſclos'd it to him in the ſaddeſt Paſſion.

La. This frighted him, I hope, into a ſtudy how to cloak your diſgrace, leſt it ſhould have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I ſubt'ly drove it, that he ſhould name you to me, as the fitteſt Inſtrument of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, ſtrangely does perplex him: he has been ſeeking you all o'er the Houſe; therefore I'll leave your Ladiſhip, for fear we ſhould be ſeen together. [*Exit.*

Lady. Now I muſt play my part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord Madam, I have a Secret to impart.
A ſad one too, and have no Friend to truſt but only you.

Lady. Your Lady or your Children ſick?

Lord. Not that I know.

Lady. You ſeem to be in health

Lord. In Body, not in Mind.

Lady. Some Scruple of Conſcience, I warrant; my Chaplain ſhall reſolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

Lady. O take heed of Deſpair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there's no Medicine for this Sickneſs, but only you; your Friendſhip's my ſafe Haven, elſe I am loſt and ſhipwrack'd.

Lady. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I expreſs it by ſad Sighs and Groans,
Or drown it with my ſelf in Seas of Tears,
I ſhould be happy, would, and would not tell.

Lady Command whatever I can ſerve you in,
I will be faithfull ſtill to all your ends, provided they be juſt and vertuous.

Lord. That word has ſtopt me.

Lady. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then, in obedience to your Commands, your Couſin is with Child

Lady. Which Couſin?

Lord. Your Couſin *Chriſtian* here i'th' houſe.

Lady. Alas! then ſhe has ſtollen a Marriage, and undone her ſelf: Some young Fellow, on my Conſcience, that's a Beggar; Youth will not be adviſ'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls; One is no more aſſur'd of 'em than Grooms of Mules, they'll ſtrike when leaſt one thinks on't: but, pray your Lordſhip, what is her choice then for an Husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

Lady. Not married! 'tis impoſſible, the Girl does ſure abuſe you I know her Education has been ſuch, the Fleſh could not prevail; therefore ſhe does abuſe you, it muſt be ſo.

Lord. Madam, not to abuſe you longer, ſhe is with Child, and I the unfortunate Man, who did this moſt unlucky Act.

Lady. You! I'll never believe.

Lord.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be ſerious how to hide her ſhame; I beg it here upon my Knees.

Lady. Oh, Oh, Oh——— [*She faints away*

Lord. Who's there? Who's there? Help, Help, Help.

Enter two Women, Roſe, Penelope.

1 *Woman.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *Wom.* Whither?

1 *Wom.* To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Roſe. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 *Wom.* I ſay, run to the Cabinet of Quinteſſence; *Gilbert*'s Water, *Gilbert*'s Water.

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of Heaven look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Roſ. Open her Mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour; Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She ſtirs, ſhe revives, merciful to us all; what a thing was this! ſpeak, Lady, ſpeak.

Lady. So, ſo, ſo.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this Fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

Lady. Now I am better: *Beſs*, you have not ſeen me thus.

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forfend, that I ſhould live to ſee you ſo agen.

Lady. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near, I pray, for fear of the worſt. [*They go out.*

——My Lord, ſit down near me, I pray, I'll ſtrive to ſpeak a few words to you, and then to Bed— nearer, my Voice is faint——

My Lord, Heaven knows how I have ever lov'd you; and, Is this my Reward? Had you none to abuſe but me in that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me than my Life? This was not Love to her, but an inveterate Malice to poor me——Oh, Oh. [*Faints again*

Lord. Help, Help, Help.

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This Fit will carry her: Alas, it is a Lechery!

2 *Wom.* The Balſom, the Balſom!

1 *Wom.* No, no, the Ghymiſtry, Oil of Roſemary: Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether ſhe breaths, with your hand before her mouth.

Roſe. No Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation?

2 *Wom.* Hold up your finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the bleſſed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

Lady.

Lady. Enough, ſo, 'tis well—— withdraw, and let me reſt awhile; only my dear Lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your Lordſhip keep her from ſwebbing. [*Ex. Wom.*

Lord. Here humbly, once again, I beg your pardon, and your help.

La. Heav'n forgive you, and I do: ſtand up, my Lord, and ſit cloſe by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordſhip win her ſoon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

La. I'm glad on't; it ſhew'd the Girl had ſome Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: but you Men are ſtrange Tempters, good my Lord, where was this wicked Act then firſt committed?

Lord. In an Out-Room upon a Trunk.

La. Poor heart, what ſhift Love makes! Oh, ſhe does Love you dearly, though to her Ruin! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waſte Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

La. Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of Darkneſs! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordſhip's Vigour: but you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you ſhall ſee I love you: for I will manage this buſineſs to both your advantages, by the aſſiſtance of Heaven I will; good my Lord, help, lead me out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Warner, *and* Roſe.

Roſe. A miſchief upon all Fools! do you think your Maſter has not done wiſely? firſt to miſtake our Old Man's humour, then to diſpraiſe the Plays; and laſtly, to diſcover his Acquaintance with my Miſtreſs: my old Maſter has taken ſuch a Jealouſie of him, that he will never admit him into his ſight again.

Warn. Thou mak'ſt thy ſelf a greater Fool than he, by being angry at what he cannot help—— I have been angry with him too, but theſe Friends have taken up the Quarrel—— [*Shews Gold.* Look you, he has ſent theſe Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: here are 20 of 'em have made a long Voyage from *Guinny*, to kiſs your hands: and, when the Match is made, there are an 100 more in readineſs to be your humble Servants.

Roſe. Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but, I confeſs, it troubles me to ſee ſo loyal a Lover have the heart of an Emperour, and yet ſcarce the Brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what Device can we two beget betwixt us, to ſeparate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Miſtreſs?

Roſe. I cannot on the ſudden tell; but I hate him worſe than foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll ſee if my Project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Jointure I have heard you ſpeak of?

Roſe.

Roſe. They lie within, in Three great Bags, ſome 20 Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with ſix Lines in a Sheet: but there is a little Paper where all the Buſineſs lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canſt thou help me to it?

Roſe. By good Chance he gave it to my Cuſtody, before he ſet out for *London*. You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; juſt now he ſent for it.

Warn. So, this I will ſecure in my Pocket: when thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and ſay, 'twas left behind: by this means he muſt of neceſſity leave the Town, to ſee for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, *Sir* Martin, *Mrs.* Milliſent.

Sir *John.* 'Tis no matter, though the old Man be ſuſpicious, I knew the Story all before-hand; and ſince then you have fully ſatisfied me of your true Friendſhip to me—— Where are the Writings? [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I beg your pardon, I thought I had put them up amongſt my Lady's things, and, it ſeems, in my haſte, I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury*.

Sir *John.* This is horribly unlucky! Where do you think you left 'em!

Roſe. Upon the great Box in my Lady's Chamber; they are ſafe enough I'm ſure.

Sir *John.* It muſt be ſo——I muſt take Poſt immediately:
Madam, for ſome few days I muſt be abſent;
And to confirm you, Friend, how much I truſt you,
I leave the deareſt Pledge I have on Earth,
My Miſtreſs to your Care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all Occaſions to leave me thus!

Warn. Aſide.] Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again,
Here they are ready for you. [*Shews the Paper.*

Sir *Mart.* What's that you have in your hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Aſide.] Pox, what ill Luck was this! What ſhall I ſay?

Sir *Mart.* Sometimes you've Tongue enough, what, are you ſilent?

Warn. 'Tis an Account, Sir, of what Money you have loſt ſince you came to Town.

Sir *Mart.* I'm very glad on't: now I'll make you all ſee the ſeverity of my Fortune——give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, Sir.

Sir *John.* Beſides, I am in haſte, another time, Sir——

Sir *Mart.*

Sir *Mart.* Pray, oblige me, Sir—— 'tis but one minute: all people love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, and ſo do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Maſter!

Sir *Mart.* Dear Raſcal! Am I Maſter or you? You Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it: —You cannot read my hand.

Sir *Mart.* This is ever his way, to be diſparaging me---but I'll let you ſee, Sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you your ſelf can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a Trick in't, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Is there ſo, Sirrah? But I'll bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you—— [*Reads.*

How now! What's this? A true particular of the Eſtate of Sir *John Swallow*, Knight; lying and ſcituate in, *&c.*

Sir *John.* This is the very Paper I had loſt: [*Takes the Paper.*

I'm very glad on't, it has ſav'd me a moſt unwelcome Journey—— But I will not thank you for the Courteſie, which now I find you never did intend me—— this is Confederacy, I ſmoke it now——

Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty Man, this was the fooliſheſt part that ever I beheld. [*Ex. Sir* John, Milliſent, *and* Roſe.

Sir *Mart.* I am a Fool, I muſt confeſs it, and I am the moſt miſerable one without thy Help—— but yet it was ſuch a Miſtake, as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir *Mart.* Prithee chide me! This Indifference of thine wounds me to the Heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir *Mart.* Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiſs your hands, I have other Buſineſs.

Sir *Mart.* Dear *Warner!*

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir *Mart.* Then I am reſolv'd I'll kill my ſelf.

Warn. You are Maſter of your own Body.

Sir *Mart.* Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your Pleaſure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir *Mart.* D'ye ſee, the Point's ready? Will you do nothing to ſave my Life?

Warn. Not in the leaſt.

Sir *Mart.* Farewell, hard-hearted *Warner.*

Warn. Adieu, ſoft-headed Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* Is it poſſible?

Warn. Why don't you diſpatch, Sir? Why all theſe Preambles?

Sir *Mart.* I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt: I know thou would'ſt have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; People in this Age are not ſo apt to kill themſelves.

Sir *Mart.* Here are yet Ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Eaſineſs of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it ſo. Well, Sir—— for this once I caſt an Eye of Pity on you——— but I muſt have Ten more in hand, before I can ſtir a foot.

Sir *Mart.* As I am a true Gameſter, I have loſt all but theſe,
——But if thou'lt lend me them, I'll give 'em thee agen.

Warn. I'll rather truſt you till to morrow;
Once more look up, I bid you hope the beſt.

Why ſhould your Folly make your Love miſcarry,
Since Men firſt play the Fools, and then they marry? [Ex.

ACT IV.

Enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* BUT are they to be married this day, in private, ſay you?

Warn. 'Tis ſo concluded, Sir, I dare aſſure you.

Sir *Mart.* But why ſo ſoon, and in private?

Warn. So ſoon, to prevent the Deſigns upon her; and in private, to ſave the Effuſion of Chriſtian Money.

Sir *Mart.* It ſtrikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a dead Man, ———*Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look, if he will ſtir now? Your Rival and the Old Man will ſee us together, we are juſt below the Window.

Sir *Mart.* Thou canſt not do't.

Warn. On the Peril of my Twenty Pieces be it.

Sir *Mart.* But I have found a way to help thee out; truſt to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the leaſt Grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir *Mart.* You are a ſawcy, Maſterly Companion, and ſo I leave you. [*Ex.*

Warn. Help, Help, good People! Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John, *and* Moody.

Sir *John* and *Moody*. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Moody. Who has us'd thee ſo?

Warn. The Rogue, my Maſter.

Sir *John*. What was the Offence?

Warn. A Trifle, juſt nothing.

Sir *John*. That's very ſtrange.

Warn. It was for telling him he loſt too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he, in a curſed damn'd humour, would needs revenge his loſſes upon me: He kick'd me, took away my Money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his hands——

Moody. By Cox-nowns, it was an ill-natur'd part, nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live, I'll cry quittance with him: he had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Milliſent* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an over-grown Oaf, a conceited *Bartlemew*———

Sir *John*. Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'ſt my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, Sir; and ſo much the rather, that I may ſpite him with it — This was the moſt propitious Fate——

Moody. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scander-bag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberiſh, and I'll ſet you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors——

Sir *John*. Nay, pray, Father.

Warn. Good old Sir, be pacified; I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir *John*. This Fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you pleaſe, I'll wait upon her till ſhe's ready, and then bring her to what Church you ſhall appoint.

Moody. But, Friend, you'll find ſhe'll hang an Arſe, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had beſt ſtay behind, and bring her my ſelf.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, Sir, ſhe knows nothing of

of my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir *John*. My better Angel———

Moody. Byth' Meſs 'twas well thought on; well, Son, go you before, I'll ſpeak but one word for a Diſh or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah—— ſtay you here—— till my return.

[*Ex. Sir* John *and* Mood.

Warn. ſolus. Was there ever ſuch a lucky Rogue as I! I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had ſo much as now I find. I have now gain'd an opportunity to carry away Miſtreſs *Milliſent* for my Maſter; to get his Miſtreſs, by means of his Rival, to receive all his Happineſs, where he could expect nothing but Miſery: after this Exploit, I will have *Lilly* draw me in the habit of a Hero, with a Laurel on my Temples, and an Inſcription below it, *This is* Warner, *the Flower of Serving-men*.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pray do me the Favour to help me to the ſpeech of Mr. *Moody*.

Warn. What's your Buſineſs?

Meſſ. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your ſelf to him.

[*Re-enter* Moody.

Meſſ. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Moody. Stay, Friend, till I have read it.

Meſſ. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Anſwer. [*Ex*. Meſſ.

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a ſtranger, to give you counſel; ſome young Gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich Heireſs; and, in fine, above Twenty of 'em have diſperſed themſelves to watch her going out: therefore put it off, if you will avoid miſchief, and be adviſed by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I ſaw *in fine* there; there are ſome Papiſhes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or elſe they are no Engliſh-men, but ſome of your French Outalian Rogues; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't.

Warner, no Wedding to day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Moody. I ſay no more, but ſome wiſer than ſome, I'll keep my Daughter at home this afternoon, and a fig for all theſe Outalians. [*Ex*. Mood.

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune, as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-ſure, and then to be back-gammon'd: it muſt needs be the Devil that writ this Letter; he ow'd my Maſter a ſpight, and has paid him to the purpoſe: and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him, [*Enter Sir* Mart. *laughing* and for my part I am aſham'd to tell him.

Sir *Mart. Warner*, ſuch a Jeſt, *Warner*. [*Laughs again.*

Warn. What a Murrain is the matter, Sir?
Where lies this Jeſt that tickles you?

Sir *Mar.* Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee. [*Laughs again.*

Warn. I wiſh you may have cauſe for all this Mirth.

Sir *Mart.* Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May game: Thou ſhalt no more dare to tell me, I ſpoil thy Projects, and diſcover thy Deſigns; for I have play'd ſuch a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-Wit, ('tis true, I am haſty ſometimes, and ſo do harm; but when I have a mind to ſhew my ſelf, there's no Man in *England*, though I ſay't, comes near me, as to point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir *Mart.* Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was poſſeſt with a terrible fear, that my Miſtreſs ſhould be married: Well, thought I to my ſelf, and, muſt'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce ſuch a Stratagem.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir *Mart.* I feign'd a Letter, as from an unknown Friend, to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to underſtand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, ſhe would infallibly be ſnapt, by ſome young Fellows, that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir *Mart.* That which follows, is yet better; for he I ſent aſſures me, that in that very nick of Time my Letter came, her Father was juſt ſending her abroad with a very fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a' God's name? could you do this wonderful Miracle, without your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir *Mart.* I tell thee, Man, I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my one Brain; how long would it have been, e'er thou could'ſt have thought of ſuch a Project? *Martin* ſaid to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn.

War. Who's the Fool? Why, who us'd to be the Fool? he that ever was, ſince I knew him, and will ever be ſo!

Sir *Mart.* What a Pox? I think thou art grown envious; not one word in my Commendations?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praiſe you, as you deſerve; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, You're one that had a Knock in your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a Deſigning Aſs, a Hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded Buſie-brain, with an eternal Windmill in it; this, in ſhort, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir *Mart.* But what the Devil have I done, to ſet you thus againſt me?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worſhip was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir *Mart.* But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be ſworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* Will you hear my Juſtifications?

Warn. Shall I ſee the back of you? Speak not a word in your Defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir *Mart.* This is the ſtrangeſt Luck now—— [*Exit.*

Warn. I'm reſolv'd this Devil of his ſhall never weary me, I will overcome him; I will invent ſomething that ſhall ſtand good, in ſpight of his Folly. Let me ſee——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is—I muſt venture on him for the Tyranny of this old Lady is unſupportable, ſince I have made her my Confident, there paſſes not an hour, but ſhe paſſes a pull at my Purſe-ſtrings; I ſhall be ruin'd if I do not quit my ſelf of her ſuddenly: I find now, by ſad experience, tha a Miſtreſs is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and inſignificant. Mr. *Warner!* have you a Mind to do your ſelf a Courteſie, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Queſtion need not be much diſputed, for I have always had a great Service for your Lordſhip, and ſome little Kindneſs for my ſelf.

Lord. What if you ſhould propoſe Mrs. *Chriſtian* as a Wife to your Maſter? You know he's never like to compaſs t'other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. 500*l.* are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. 500*l.* 'tis true, the Temptation is very ſweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confeſs, has done his part, and many a good Murther and Treaſon have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet—— *Warn.*

Warn. To confeſs the truth, I am reſolv'd to beſtow my Maſter upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordſhip thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the ſame to your Lordſhip, were ſhe married to any other?

Lord. The very ſame.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to diſſemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your ſhooe wrings you: I have obſerv'd ſomething in the houſe, betwixt ſome Parties that ſhall be nameleſs: and know that you have been taking up Linen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Draper's in Town.

Lord. I ſee I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, ſhe is the greateſt Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her Study, all her Joy to cozen, ſhe loves nothing but her ſelf, and draws all Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: firſt, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Niece under the rate of 500*l.* a time; never was Woman's Fleſh held up ſo high: every night I find out for a new Maidenhead, and ſhe has ſold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have, when ſhe's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then cramm'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the greaſe, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *La-frond*'s, with New-River, clearer by Six-pence the Pound, than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife—— Dry-Nurſe—— Wet-Nurſe —— and all the reſt of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-clouts, and Bearing-cloaths— Poſſets, Caudles, Broth, Jellies and Gravies! and behind all theſe, Clyſters, Suppoſiters, and a barbarous 'Pothecary's Bill, more inhumane than a Taylor's.

Lord. I ſweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a ſhort time you ſhall know more; yonder appears a young Lady, whom I muſt needs ſpeak with, pleaſe you go in and prepare the old Lady, and your Miſtreſs.

Lord. Good Luck, and 500*l.* attend thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe *above.*

Mill. I am reſolv'd I'll never marry him!

Roſe. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But how to hinder it, I cannot poſſibly tell! For my Father preſſes me to it, and will take no denial: Wou'd I knew ſome way——

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very neareſt, for I have juſt now found it out.

Roſe. Are you there, Mr. *Littleplot*? *Warn.*

Warn. Studying to deſerve thee, *Roſe*, by my diligence for thy Lady; I ſtand here, methinks, juſt like a Wooden *Mercury*, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Roſe. Or, Serving-man-like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Maſter, and then to fall upon the cold your ſelf.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I ſhall find warm Work on't: in the firſt place, then I muſt acquaint you, that I have ſeemingly put off my Maſter, and enter'd my ſelf into Sir *John*'s Service.

Mill. Moſt excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but baſe——— [*Enter* Mood.

Mill. Something he would tell us, but ſee what Luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? are you ſo great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him ſtill!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you pleaſe you ſhall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready, fair Lady, to Night,
And ſtand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your True Love you ſhall go.

Moody. Ods bobs, this is very pretty.

Mill. I, ſo is the Lady's Anſwer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly,
E'er the jealous can ſpy,
And leave my old Daddy aſleep.

Moody. Bodikins, I like not that ſo well, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own Caſe another time.

Roſe. Oh, Madam! Yonder's your Perſecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber, to avoid the ſight of him, as long as I can;

can; Lord! that my old doting Father ſhould throw me away upon ſuch an Ignoramus, and deny me to ſuch a Wit as Sir *Martin*.

[*Ex.* Mill. *and* Roſe *from above*.

Moody. O Son! here has been the moſt villainous Tragedy againſt you.

Sir *John*. What Tragedy? has there been any blood ſhed ſince I went?

Mood. No blood ſhed, but, as I told you, a moſt damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Moody. Jack Sawce! if I ſay it is a Tragedy, it ſhall be a Tragedy, in ſpight of you; teach your Grandam how to piſs -- what — I hope I am old enough how to ſpout Engliſh with you, Sir?

Sir *John*. But what was the reaſon you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promiſe you, there were thoſe would have made bold with Mrs. Bride; an' if ſhe had ſtirr'd out of doors, there were Whipſters abroad, i'faith, Padders of Maidenheads, that would have truſs'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, e'er a Man could have ſaid, what's this? But, by good luck, I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir *John*. The Remedy for all ſuch Dangers is eaſie; you may ſend for a Parſon, and have the Buſineſs diſpatch'd at home.

Mood. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Reſolutions, and hearten her up againſt the day of Battel. [*Ex.*

Sir *John*. Now I think on't, this Letter muſt needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn. I ſee, Sir, you'll ſtill miſtake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir *John*. From whom, I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me, Sir; I do not love to make a breach betwixt Perſons that are to be ſo near related.

Sir *John*. Thou ſeem'ſt to imply, that my Miſtreſs was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? Do you not know ſhe ever lov'd him? and can you hope ſhe has ſo ſoon forſaken him? You may make your ſelf miſerable if you pleaſe, by ſuch a Marriage.

Sir *John*. When ſhe is once mine, her Vertue will ſecure me.

Warn. Her Vertue!

Sir *John*. What, do you make a Mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I aſſure you, Sir, I think it no ſuch jeſting Matter.

Sir *John*. Why, is ſhe not honeſt?

Warn. Yes, in my Conſcience is ſhe, for Sir *Martin*'s Tongue's no ſlander.

Sir *John*. But does he ſay to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which, for my part, I do not, he has, in a manner, confeſs'd it to me.

Sir *John*

Sir *John.* Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your ſelf, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lye.

Sir *John.* But how ſhall I be 'ſur'd 'tis ſo?

Warn. When you are married, you'll ſoon make tryal, whether ſhe be a Maid or no?

Sir *John.* I do not love to make that Experiment at my own coſt.

Warn. Then you muſt never marry.

Sir *John.* I, but they have ſo many Tricks to cheat a man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter, through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for example, their drawing up their breaths with oh! You hurt me, can you be ſo cruel? Then the next day ſhe ſteals a Viſit to her Lover, that did you the Courteſie before-hand, and in private tells him how ſhe cozen'd you; Twenty to one but ſhe takes out another Leſſon with him to practiſe the next Night.

Sir *John.* All this while miſerable, I muſt be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you eſcape ſo; for commonly he ſtrikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir *John.* Deliver me from ſuch a Friend that ſtays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your Man, Sir; Beſides, he will be ſure to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if occaſion be, ſhe may have where-withal to recriminate; at leaſt ſhe will ſeem to be jealous of you, and who would ſuſpect a jealous Wife?

Sir *John.* All manner of ways I am moſt miſerable.

Warn. But if ſhe be not a Maid when you marry her, ſhe may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken ſuch a Man's Widow.

Sir *John.* If there were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of thoſe that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir *John.* I, the ſame thing they took up before.

Warner. The truth is, an honeſt ſimple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the beſt Matrimony; there is ſuch a pleaſure in inſtructing her, the beſt is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; ſuch a one with a good Fortune———

Sir *John.* I, but where is ſhe, *Warner?*

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir *John.* Engag'd to one that hath given me the Earneſt of Cuckoldom before hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Chriſtian* here in the houſe? There's 5000 *l.* and a better Peny.

Sir *John.* I, but is ſhe Fool enough?

Warn She's none of the Wiſe Virgins, I can aſſure you.

Sir *John.* Dear *Warner*, ſtep into the next Room, and inveagle her out this way, that I may ſpeak to her.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this Wooing ſecret; if he takes the leaſt Wind, old *Moody* will be ſure to hinder it.

Sir *John.* Doſt thou think I ſhall get her Aunts Conſent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Ex.* Warn.

Sir *John.* How happy a Man ſhall I be, if I can but compaſs this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is ſweet, to ſteal a Wife under her Father's Noſe, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me: Well, ſuch a Servant, as this *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner, *and* Mrs. Chriſtian *to him.*

Warn. There ſhe is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir *John.* Sweet Miſtreſs, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly, you are too good to wait on me.

Sir *John.* And in the condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forſooth?

Sir *John.* To be ſo happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir *John.* Why? 'tis the honeſt end of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forſooth: I would not lie in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards it will ſo prickle one.

Sir *John.* Pah,—What an innocent Girl it is, and very Child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd, for ſo I ſhall make her what I liſt, and mould her as I will; Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh; my Cheeks all wet.——Sweet Lady——— [*Aſide.*

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Well then, ſweet Miſtreſs, if I get your Friends conſent, ſhall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what ſhe will, forſooth, but by my truly, I hope ſhe will have more care of me, than to marry me yet; Lord bleſs me, What ſhould I do with a Husband?

Sir *John.* Well, ſweet Heart, then inſtead of Wooing you, I muſt Wooe my old Lady.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forſooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir *John.* Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and ſo humorous, and ſo ill Huſwifes, forſooth.

Sir

Sir *John*. Pah, —— ſhe's a Baby, the ſimpleſt thing that ever yet I knew, the happieſt Man I ſhall be in the World; for ſhould I have my Wiſh, it ſhould be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wiſh it is abſolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What ſhall I make him? [*ſighing*

La. Dupe. Marry, you ſhall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not Marry, Madam.

La. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir *John*. Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak with you; on my Soul 'tis the pretti'ſt, innocent'ſt Thing in the World.

La. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, ſhe knows little beſides her Work, and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir *John*. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

La. Dupe. Come, *Chriſtian*, Will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, Yes, Yes.—— [*ſobbingly*.

La. Dupe. Sir, it ſhall be to Night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Ex*. Old Lady, *and* Mrs. Chriſtian.

Enter Sir Martin, *and* Sir John, *muſing*.

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy, methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are miſtaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may diſſemble as you pleaſe, but Mrs. *Milliſent* lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir John. My heart, I aſſure you, has no room for ſo poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheadle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her?

Sir John. Love her! Why ſhould you think me ſuch a Sot? Love a Proſtitute, and infamous Perſon!

Sir Mart. Fair and ſoft, good Sir *John*.

Sir John. You ſee I am no very obſtinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and purſue your good Fortune, and be as happy as ſuch a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me; But I muſt tell you, Sir, I will not ſuffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by ſuch a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it, whate'er I ſay, I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, Whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d'you

ſee, and deeper than that d'ye ſee, in his Stomach, and his Guts d'ye ſee: tell me ſhe's a common perſon! he's a Son of a Whore that ſaid it, and make him eat his words, though he ſpoke 'em in a Privy-houſe.

Sir *John*. What if *Warner* told me ſo? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent Judge in ſuch a buſineſs.

Sir *Mart*. Did that precious Raſcal ſay it?--Now I think on't, I'll not believe you: in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir *John*. I'll lay you Ten to One, he juſtifies it to your Face.

Sir *Mart*. I'll make him give up the Ghoſt under my Fiſt, if he does not deny it.

Sir *John*. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not ſtand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir *Mart*. Here he comes in Pudding-time to reſolve the Queſtion: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Juſtice, and anſwer me to what I ſhall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir *Mart*. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in Lyes!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir *Mart*. Did'ſt thou dare to caſt thy Venom upon ſuch a Saint as Mrs. *Milliſent*, to traduce her Vertue, and ſay it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir *Mart*. I told you ſo.

Sir *John*. How, Mr. Raſcal! Have you forgot what you ſaid but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Milliſent*? I'll ſtop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir *Mart*. Say you ſo! Are you there agen i' faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your ſelf, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own deviſing.

Sir *Mart*. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horſe-Pox t'ye, I'll underſtand none of it; tell me in plain *Engliſh* the truth of the buſineſs; for an'you were my own Brother, you ſhould pay for it: belye my Miſtreſs! What a Pox d'ye think I have no ſenſe of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll reſolve to take my Heels, and be gone.

Sir *Mart*. Stop Thief there! What did you think to 'ſcape the hand of Juſtice? [*Lays hold on him.*

The beſt on't is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether ſo nimble as your Tongue. [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help! Murther! Murther!

Sir *Mart*. Confeſs, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you,—I tell you, 'tis a Device of mine. Sir

Sir *Mart.* And have you no body to deviſe it on but my Miſtreſs, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir *John.* Moderate your Anger, good Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* By your Patience, Sir, I'll Chaſtiſe him abundantly.

Sir *John.* That's a little too much, Sir, by your Favour, to beat him in my preſence.

Sir *Mart.* That's a good one i' faith, your preſence ſhall hinder me from beating my own Servant?

Warn. O Traytor to all Senſe and Reaſon! he's going to diſcover that too.

Sir *Mart.* An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir *John.* At preſent, I muſt tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are juſt upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir *Mart.* What is't thou meaneſt now? —— ah Lord! my mind miſgives me, I have done ſome Fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aſide.*

Warn There's no making him underſtand me.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lye; I ſay he is my Man.

Sir *John.* Pray remember your ſelf better; did not you turn him away for ſome Fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir *Mart.* The Devil of any Fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the Raſcal put ſome Trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir *John.* O, oh, then it ſeems the cudgelling and turning away, were pure Invention; I am glad I underſtand it.

Sir *Mart.* *In fine*, it's all ſo damn'd a Lye.——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir *John.* No, no, Sir, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, you may return when you pleaſe to your old Maſter, I give you a fair Diſcharge, and a glad Man I am to be ſo rid of you: were you thereabouts i' faith? What a Snake I had entertain'd into my Boſom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I adviſe you. [*Ex.* Sir *John.*

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you ſtand! as you were nip'd i'th' head; have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look ſo like an Aſs?

Sir *Mart.* Here's three Pieces of Gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee.

[*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*

Warn

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo great a Liberality? I confeſs if you had beaten me for my own Fault, if you had utterly deſtroy'd all my Projects, then it might ha'bin expected that 10 or 20 Pieces ſhould have been offer'd by way of Recompence or Satisfaction.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, an'you be ſo full o'your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your Signs and Tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no Aſs then?

Sir *Mart.* Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye ſee, I am an Aſs in a fair way; Will that ſatisfie you?

Warn. For this once, produce thoſe three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconſiderable Tribute; or make 'em ſix, and I'll take the Fault upon my ſelf.

Sir *Mart.* Are we Friends then? If we are, let me adviſe you.——

Warn. Yet adviſing——

Sir *Mart.* For no harm, good *Warner*: But pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the Buſineſs, inſtruct me in every Point, and then if I diſcover all, I am reſolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire from the World.

Warn. Agreed, it ſhall be ſo; but let us now take breath awhile, Then on agen.

For though we had the worſt, thoſe heats were paſt,
We'll whip and ſpur, and fetch him up at laſt. [Ex.

ACT V.

Enter Lord. *Lady* Dupe. *Mrs.* Chriſtian. Roſe *and* Warner.

Lord. YOur Promiſe is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* ſhould be this Night married to Mrs. *Chriſtian*; inſtead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help theſe Ebbs and Flows of Fortune.

La. Dupe. I am ſure my Niece ſuffers moſt in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a Miſtake in his Miſtreſſes Vertue, which he has now found out, by your Maſter's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to ſeparate them.

Chr. To be forſaken when a Woman has given her Conſent!

Lord. 'Tis the ſame Scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards ſlighted.

Roſe. You are a ſweet Youth, Sir, to uſe my Lady ſo, when ſhe depended

depended on you; Is this the Faith of a *Valet de Chambre*? I would be aſham'd to be ſuch a diſhonour to my Profeſſion; it will reflect upon us in time, we ſhall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embaſſadreſs?

Roſe. Why, they ſay the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: So if you play faſt and looſe, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills, the gentle *Guinnea* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to ſteal into our hands at the Stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promiſe.

La. Dupe. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Roſe. And if my Miſtreſs go to Bed a Maid to Night.——

Warn. Hey-dey! You are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankers, call in all your Debts together; there's no poſſibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as faſt as I can, I aſſure you.

La. Dupe. But you muſt not think to pay us with falſe Money, as you have done hitherto.

Roſe. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Buſineſs in good earneſt.

Warn. Faith, and I will, *Roſe*; for to confeſs the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diſeaſes; that is, That my Maſter may marry Mrs. *Milliſent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himſelf return to Mrs. *Chriſtian*.

Lord. He ſays true, and therefore we muſt all be helping to that Deſign.

Warn. I'll put you upon ſomething, give me but a thinking-time. In the firſt place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to Arreſt Sir *John Swallow*, upon a Promiſe of Marriage to Mrs. *Chriſtian*.

Lord. Very good.

La. Dupe. We'll all ſwear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiſhip in the leaſt, Madam —— for the reſt we will conſider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us. [*Ex.* Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Mill. Chr.

Warn. *Roſe*, Where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to ſay to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of Projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deſerve my thanks when the Work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Maſter.

Mill. If he ſhould prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I ſhall be a miſerable VVoman.

Warn.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good Jeſt i' faith: But how comes your Ladiſhip to ſuſpect it?

Roſe. I have heard, Madam, your greateſt Wits have ever a touch of Madneſs and Extravagance in them, ſo perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more diſtant than Wit and Folly, yet like Eaſt and Weſt, they may meet in a Point, and produce Actions that are but a hairs-breadth from one another.

Roſe. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole Day together; he's a moſt Comical perſon.

Mill. For all this, I will not ſwear he is no Fool; he has ſtill diſcovered all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Deſigns ſo ſubtle, that their very fineneſs breaks them.

Mill. However I'm reſolv'd to be on the ſure ſide, I will have certain Proof of his Wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a ſure ſign of Wit, he neglects his outward parts; beſides, he ſpeaks *French*, Sings, Dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, ſay you?

Warn. Moſt divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more; then let him give me a Serenade immediately: but let him ſtand in the View; I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He ſhall do't, Madam: But how, the Devil knows——for he ſings like a Scritch Owl, and never touch'd the Lute. [*Aſide.*

Mill. You'll ſee't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't. Madam, this will but retard our Enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or ſee me no more.

Warn. Well, it ſhall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? Will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him News from the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Warn. What Concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Baſtard-Son there, whom he loved extreamly: but not having any News from him theſe many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within theſe three Days.

Warn. When did he ſee him laſt?

Mill. Not ſince he was ſeven Years old.

Warn. A ſudden Thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time; let my Maſter paſs for him, and by that means he may come into the Houſe unſuſpected by your Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you——make haſte——I muſt retire a little. [*Ex.* Mill. *from above.*

Roſe. I'll inſtruct him moſt rarely, he ſhall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade? *Warn.*

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-pluſs'd on the ſudden, but a warm conſolation from thy lips, *Roſe*, would ſet my Wits a working agen.

Roſe. Adieu, *Warner*. [*Ex.* Roſe.

Warn. Inhumane *Roſe*, adieu.

Blockhead *Warner*, into what a *Præmunire* haſt thou brought thy ſelf! this 'tis to be ſo forward to promiſe for another— but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promiſe and vow he ſhould do any thing like a Chriſtian—

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *Mart.* Why, how now, Bully, in a brown Study? for my good, I warrant it; there's Five Shillings for thee, what, we muſt encourage good Wits ſometimes.

Warn. Hang your white Pelf: ſure, Sir, by your largeſs you miſtake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker, your covetouſneſs has offended my Muſe, and quite dull'd her.

Sir *Mart.* How angry the poor Devil is! *in fine*, thou art as cholerick as a Cook by a fire-ſide.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual diſcharging my Wit: 'slife, Sir, I have rarified my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do ſomething for your ſelf like a Man, I have engag'd you ſhall give to your Miſtreſs a Serenade, in your proper Perſon: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll warrant thee I'll do't, Man.

Warn. You never learn'd; I don't think you know one ſtop.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis no matter for that, Sir; I'll play as faſt as I can, and never ſtop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I ſee! get up into your window, and ſet two Candles by you, take my Landlord's Lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make Grimaces with your mouth, as if you ſung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and conſequently your Miſtreſs, who will come to her Balcony over againſt you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man before-hand what he muſt do; Gramercy, i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee —

Warn. About your buſineſs then, your Miſtreſs and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the ſign with the Bell, when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barber's ſhop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe, *with a Candle by 'em above.*

Roſe. We ſhall have rare Muſick.

Mill. I wiſh it prove ſo; for I ſuſpect the Knight can neither play nor ſing.

Roſe. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Muſick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are witneſſes.

Roſe. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot ſee 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Roſe. You need not fear him, he's ſtill employ'd with that ſame Seaman, and I have ſet Mrs. *Chriſtian* to watch their diſcourſe, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to inſtruct his Maſter.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Roſe. Not in the leaſt, for my old Lady has provided two rare Diſguiſes for the Maſter and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Roſe. And ſee, Madam, where your true Knight, Sir *Martin*, is plac'd yonder, like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand, and his Rays about his Head.

{ *Sir* Martin *appears at the adverſe Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done,* Warner *rings, and Sir* Martin *holds.*

Did he not play moſt excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well; and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Roſe. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The SONG.

BLind Love, to this hour,
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then bleſt be the Dart
That he threw at my Heart,
For nothing can prove
A Joy ſo great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart ſtill I ſigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid *be prais'd,*
I am to the Top of Love's Happineſs rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the Pleaſure to dote and deſire,
Such a pretty ſoft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
Which makes me breathe ſhort when it beats at my Heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am deſpis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But ſtreight a ſweet Smile,
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recall,
Then the more I do ſtruggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a Grace, as to love, unto e'ry one's Heart;
For many may wiſh
To be wounded, and miſs:
Then bleſt be Love's Fire,
And more bleſt her Eyes that firſt taught me Deſire.

[*The Song being done,* Warner *rings agen; but Sir* Martin *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Miſtreſs.*

Mill. A pretty humour'd Song — but ſtay, methinks he plays and ſings ſtill, and yet we cannot hear him —— Play louder, Sir *Martin*, that we may have the Fruits on't.

Warn. peeping.] Death! this abominable Fool will ſpoil all agen. Dam him, he ſtands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks ſo earneſtly upon his Miſtreſs, that he hears me not. [*Rings agen.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now, as I live and breathe, this is pleaſant, *Roſe*—his Man play'd and ſung for him, and he, it ſeems, did not know when he ſhould give over. [Mill. *and* Roſe *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would ſplit their ſides. Why, Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill. Sir *Martin*, Sir *Martin*, take your Man's Counſel, and keep time with your Muſick.

Sir Mart. peeping.] Hah! what do you ſay, Madam? How does your Ladiſhip like my Muſick?

Mill. O moſt heavenly! juſt like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all, by your not leaving off in time.

Sir *Mart.* What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do, when my hand is in! well, o'my Conſcience, I think there is a Fate upon me.

[*Noiſe within.*

Mill Look, *Roſe*, what's the matter?

Roſe. 'Tis Sir *John Swallow*, purſu'd by the Bayliffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it ſeems they have dogg'd him thus late to his lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I ſhall be rid on him. [*Ex.* Mill. Roſe.

Enter Sir John, *purſu'd by three Bayliffs over the Stage.*

Sir *Mart.* Now I'll redeem all again, my Miſtreſs ſhall ſee my Valor, I'm reſolv'd on't; Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what, three upon one? *in fine*, I'll be with you immediately. [*Ex.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you ſtark mad? have you no grain of ſence left? he's gone! now is he as earneſt in the Quarrel, as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpoſe what ever I do for him. [*Ex.* Warn.

Re-enter Sir John *and Sir* Martin *(having driven away the Bayliffs) Sir* Martin *flouriſheth his Sword.*

Sir *Mart. Victoria! Victoria!* what heart, Sir *John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir *John.* Not the leaſt, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Aſſiſtance, which I will requite with any thing but the reſigning of my Miſtreſs—— Dear Sir *Martin*, a good night.

Sir *Mart.* Pray let me wait upon you in, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* I can find my way to Mrs. *Milliſent* without you, Sir. I thank you.

Sir *Mart.* But pray, what were you to be arreſted for?

Sir *John.* I know no more than you; ſome little Debts, perhaps, I left unpaid by my negligence: once more good night, Sir [*Ex.*

Sir *Mart.* He's an ungrateful Fellow; and ſo, *in fine*, I ſhall tell him, when I ſee him next—— Monſieur—— [*Enter* Warner. *Warner*, a propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in ſight of my Miſtreſs; Boy, I have charm'd her, i'faith, with my Valor.

Warn. I, juſt as much as you did e'en now with your Muſick; go, you are ſo beaſtly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir *Mart.* Fool, in your face, Sir? call a Man of Honor Fool, when I have juſt atchiev'd ſuch an Enterprize—— Gad, now my blood's up, I am a dangerous Perſon, I can tell you that, *Warner.*

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir *Mart.*

Sir *Mart.* I grant I am no Muſician, but you muſt allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely; and *in fine*, I am come off unhurt, ſave only a little ſcratch i'th' head.

Warn. That's impoſſible, thou haſt a Scull ſo thick, no Sword can pierce it: but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of your Valour: You reſcu'd your Rival when he was to be Arreſted, on purpoſe to take him off from your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is ever the Fate of Ingenious men; nothing thrives they take in hand. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir *Martin*, You have done your buſineſs with my Lady, ſhe'll never look upon you more; ſhe ſays, ſhe's ſo well ſatisfied of your Wit and Courage, that ſhe will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir *Mart.* *Warner*, is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None that I know.

Sir *Mart.* Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpoſe.

Roſe. Yet if he had ſome golden Friends that would engage for him the next time———

Sir *Mart.* Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Roſe. I'll take their Royal words for once. [*She fetches 2 diſguiſes.*

Warn. The meaning of this, dear *Roſe?*

Roſe. 'Tis in purſuance of thy own Invention, *Warner*; a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: but let us loſe no time, help! help! dreſs thy Maſter, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody*'s Baſtard, and thou his, come from the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-tarock-it ——now we ſhall have *Roſe*'s Device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Roſe. Old *Moody*, you muſt know, in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge* Scholar, made bold with a Townſ-man's Daughter there, by whom he had a Baſtard, whoſe name was *Anthony*, whom you, Sir *Martin*, are to repreſent.

Sir *Mart.* I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Roſe.*

Roſe. This Child, in his Father's time, he durſt not own, but bred him privately in the Iſle of *Ely*, till he was ſeven Years old, and from thence ſent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* There's no anſwering thee any thing, thou think'ſt I am good for nothing.

Roſe *Bonaventure* dy'd at *Surat*, within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Mogul*'s Country, unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within theſe three days: now if you can paſs for him, you may have admittance into the Houſe, and make an end of all the buſineſs before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn.

Warn. But hold, *Roſe*, there's one conſiderable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name.

Roſe. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water*, a Vintner at the *Roſe*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Leſſon? *Anthony Moody*, born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Iſle of *Ely*, ſent into the *Mogul*'s Country at ſeven Years old, with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who died within two Years; your Mother's Name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintner's Daughter at the *Roſe*.

Sir *Mart.* I have it all *ad unguem* — what doſt think I'm a Sot? but ſtay a little; how have I liv'd all this while in that ſame Country?

Warn. What Country? — Pox, he has forgot already ———

Roſe. The *Mogul*'s Country.

Sir *Mart.* I, I, the *Mogul*'s Country! what the Devil, any Man may miſtake a little, but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Mogul*'s Country? he's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I ſhall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been paſſing your time there, no matter how.

Roſe. Well, if this paſſes upon the Old Man, I'll bring your buſineſs about agen with my Miſtreſs, never fear it; ſtay you here at the door, I'll go tell the Old Man of your Arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errours ——

Sir *Mart.* Hang 'em, they were only ſlips of Youth — how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he ſees I have need of his ſervice: would I were out of his power agen, I would make him lie at my Feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Milliſent, Chriſtian, Roſe.

Mood. Is he here already, ſay'ſt thou? which is he?

Roſe. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I ſee thee agen before I die? Welcom, welcom.

Sir *Mart.* My dear Father, I know it is you by inſtinct, for methinks I am as like you as if I were ſpit out of your mouth.

Roſe. Keep it up, I beſeech your Lordſhip. [*Aſide to the* Lord.

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

La. *Dupe.* The very Image of him.

Mood. Anthony you muſt ſalute all this Company: this is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this is my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Chriſtian*.

[*He ſalutes them.*

Sir *Mart.* And that's my Siſter, methinks I have a good reſemblance of her too: honeſt Siſter, I muſt needs kiſs you, Siſter. *Warn.*

Warn. This Fool will diſcover himſelf, I foreſee it already, by his Carriage to her.

Mood. And now, *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir *Mart.* Time enough for that, forſooth Father, but I have ſuch a natural Affection for my Siſter, that methinks I could live and die with her: give me thy hand, ſweet Siſter.

Sir *John.* She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* What if ſhe be, Sir? What's that to you, Sir?

Sir *John.* I hope, Sir, I have not offended you.

Sir *Mart.* It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you ſee I have no mind to ſatisfie you, Sir: what a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Fleſh and Blood, but you muſt be interpoſing, with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*; this Gentleman is to marry your Siſter.

Sir *Mart.* He marry my Siſter? ods foot, Sir, there are ſome Baſtards, that ſhall be nameleſs, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man, and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir *John.* I do not queſtion it in the leaſt, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis not your beſt courſe, Sir; you marry my Siſter? what have you ſeen of the World, Sir? I have ſeen your Hurricano's, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You muſt excuſe my Maſter, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* And your *Preſter Johns* o'th' *Eaſt-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Perſia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins, it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you muſt not bear your ſelf too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman, for my ſake.

Sir *Mart.* For your ſake, Siſter *Milliſent*, much may be done, and here I kiſs your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again, ſtupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray, Brother, hands off, now you are too rude——

Sir *Mart.* Dear Siſter, as I am a true *Eaſt-India* Gentleman ——

Mood. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let's talk of other Matters, and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir *Mart.* I remember you as well as if I ſaw you but yeſterday: a fine grey-headed—grey-bearded old Gentleman, as ever I ſaw in all my Life.

Warn aſide.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir *Mart.* O yes, Sir, moſt perfectly; in the Iſle—— ſtay —— let me ſee; oh—— now I have it—— in the Iſle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Iſle of *Ely*, ſure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir; but this damn'd Iſle of *Silly* runs in's head ever ſince his Sea Voyage.

Mood. And your Mother's name was——come, pray, let me examine you—— for that I'm ſure you cannot forget.

Sir *Mart. Warner!* What was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if ſhe were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you ſpeak, Sirrah?

Sir *Mart.* Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if this be not ſome Cheat.

Mill. He makes ſo many ſtumbles, he muſt needs fall at laſt.

Mood. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an Univerſity, but *Cambridge* for my Money.

Mood. Hold your tongue, you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the ſecond time you have been talking when you ſhould not.

Sir *Mart.* I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yeſterday.

War. How I ſweat for him! he's remembring ever ſince he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *Eaſt-Indies?*

Sir *Mart. Warner!*

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon ſo honeſt a Merchant, as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Raſcal! This is paſt all ſufferance.

Roſe. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Diſcourſe go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd ſo many Queſtions.

Sir *John.* Theſe are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one Queſtion—— which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Perſia*, from *Perſia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir *John.* And from thence over the narrow Seas on horſe-back.

Mood. 'Tis ſo, I diſcern it now; but ſome ſhall ſmoke for't. Stay a little, *Anthony*, I'll be with you preſently. [*Ex.* Mood.

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I am afraid, would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aſide.*

Mill. aſide.] Tell me no more of Sir *Martin*, *Roſe*; he wants natural ſenſe, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am ſtrangely taken with him, how handſomely he brought him off!

Enter

Enter Moody, *with two Cudgels.*

Mood. Among half a ſcore tough Cudgels, I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of theſe two, as beſt able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* muſt be beaten now for all his Wit, would I could bear it for him. [*Aſide.*

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the firſt place, for your Worſhip, and in the next, for this *Eaſt-India* Apoſtle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Moody. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Deſigns, I know he is not———

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beſeech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he ſhould prove a Counterfeit? I aſſure you he has cozen'd me in the firſt place.

Sir *John.* That's likely, i'faith! cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for Mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him, he took me up but yeſterday, and told me the Story word for word, as he told it you.

Sir *Mart.* What will become of us two now? I truſt to the Rogue's Wit to bring me off. [*Aſide.*

Mood. If thou would'ſt have me believe thee, take one theſe two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on ſoundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Mood. Out, you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impoſter! do you come hither to cozen an honeſt Man? [*Beats him.*

Sir *Mart.* Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lye to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *Eaſt-India?*

Sir *Mart.* Hold, you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue will murder me. [*Ex. Sir* Mart.

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both; let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Ex.*

Re-enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* Was there ever ſuch an Affront put upon a Man, to be beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your back-ſide, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, What News from the *Mogul*'s Country?

Sir *Mart.* I wonder where thou hadſt the Impudence to move ſuch a Queſtion to me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may ſee what comes of your Indiſcretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to paſs it by without more words; partly, becauſe I have already corrected you, though not ſo much as you deſerve.

Sir *Mart.* Doſt thou think to carry it off at this rate, after ſuch an Injury?

Warn. You may thank your ſelf for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwiſe I had been ſuſpected as your Accomplice.

Sir *Mart.* But you laid it on with ſuch a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fiſh.

Warn. To confeſs the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will paſs it by ſo, I may chance to help you to your Miſtreſs: no more words of this buſineſs, I adviſe you, but go home and greaſe your Back.

Sir *Mart. In fine*, I muſt ſuffer it at his hands; for if my Shoulders had not paid for this Fault, my Purſe muſt have ſweat Blood for't: the The Rogue has got ſuch a hank upon me——

Warn. So, ſo; here's another of our Veſſels come in, after the Storm that parted us: what comfort, *Roſe*, no Harbor near? [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is moſt extreamly incens'd againſt Sir *Martin*, but ſhe applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll ſay no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir *Mart.* I am conſidering with my ſelf about a Plot, to bring all about agen.

Roſe. Yet again plotting! if you have ſuch a mind to't, I know no way ſo proper for you, as to turn Poet to *Pugenello*. [*Muſick plays.*

Warn. Hark! Is not that Muſick in your Houſe?

Roſe. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Miſtreſs the Fiddles, and our Old Man is as jocund yonder, and does ſo hug himſelf, to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Roſe. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir *Mart.* I have ſuch a Plot; I care not, I will ſpeak an' I were to be hang'd for't—— ſhall I ſpeak, dear *Warner?* let me now; it does ſo wamble within me, juſt like a Clyſter, i'faith law; and I can keep it no longer for my Heart.

Warn. Well I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly, in the name of Non-ſenſe.

Sir *Mart.* We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Landlord, who ſhall be of the Party, go a Mumming there, and by ſome device of Dancing, get my Miſtreſs away unſuſpected by 'em all.

Roſe.

Roſe. What if this ſhould hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd, *Warner?*

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not ſomewhat probable: nay, now I conſider better on't —— exceeding probable: it muſt take; 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir *Mart.* O muſt it ſo, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I ſo mad he ſhould be the Authour of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to ſtumble on't?

Sir *Mart.* Why ſhould not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is ſo good, it ſhall not be your Plot, Sir; either diſ-own it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir *Mart.* I would not loſe the credit of my Plot, to gain my Miſtreſs: the Plot's a good one, and I'll juſtify it upon any ground of *England*; an'you will not work upon't, it ſhall be done without you.

Roſe. I think the Knight has reaſon.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the beſt Advantage: hark you, *Roſe.* [*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Mart.* If it miſcarry by your ordering, take notice, 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on't.

Roſe. I muſt in to 'em, for fear I ſhould be ſuſpected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my Old Lady, and all the reſt who ought to know it, with your Deſign.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Roſe*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night ——

Roſe. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your ſake I'll venture on 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *and* Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe.* Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a Houſe where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never ſuffer it.

La. *Dupe.* But upon what ground will you raiſe your Quarrel?

Lord. A very juſt one, as I am her Kinſman.

La. *Dupe.* He does not know yet why he was to be Arreſted; try that way agen.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord; Sir *Martin* himſelf has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Roſe. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Handſell; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parſon in the next Room, we'll find work for him.

La. *Dupe.* That ſhall be done immediately; *Chriſtian*, make haſte, and ſend for Mr. *Ball*, the Nonconformiſt, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earned.

Chr. And 2 or 3 Poſſets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Surely you may. [*Ex.* Chriſtian.

Roſe. Then for the reſt —— 'tis on'y this —— Oh! they are here? pray take it in a whiſper: my Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Milliſent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir *John.* Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good Sir *John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. *Dupe.* Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; ſome Neighbors that heard your Fiddles, are come a Mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be Jovy: an' I had but my Hobby-horſe at home ——

Sir *John.* What, are they Men or Women?

La. *Dupe.* I believe ſome Prentices broke looſe.

Mill. Roſe! Go and fetch me down two *Indian* Gowns and Vizard Masks —— You and I will diſguiſe too, and be as good a Mummery to them, as they to us. [*Ex* Roſe.

Mood. That will be moſt rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord *diſguis'd like a Tony.*

Mood. O, here they come! Gentlemen Maskers, you are welcom —— [Warner *ſigns to the Muſick for a Dance.*

He ſigns for a Dance I believe; you are welcome, Mr. Muſick, ſtrike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

Sir *John.* And I'll not be out. [*Dance.*

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glaſſes, and ſome Stools, ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir *John.* But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you ſhall ſee: the humor is, that two Men at a time are hoiſted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the reſt of the company dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some Highlander's Invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you ſhall begin. } *They hoiſt Sir*

Sir *John.* Name the Ladies. } Mart. Warn.

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Milliſent*, and Mrs. *Chriſtian*. A Lon's Touche! Touche! *Mood.*

Mood. A cantoping Health this: come, Sir *John*, now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

[*While they drink the Company dances and ſings: they are taken down.*

Sir *John.* What new Devices is this too?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

{*When they are up, the Company dances about 'em: then dance off.*
Tony *dances a Jig.*

Sir *John* to *Tony.* Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the reſt o' your Company? I would fain ſee 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em ſo, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if there be not ſome Plot in't, and this Fool is ſet here to ſpin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! My Daughter's gone; let me down, Sirrah.

Landl. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* My Miſtreſs is gone, let me down firſt. {*He offers to pull down the ſtools.*

Landl. This is the quickeſt way, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. And you will not come down, you may ſtay there, *Cudden.*

[*Exit* Landlord, *dancing.*

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir *John.* Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you, Sir *Jack.*

Sir *John.* 'Twas long of your ſelf to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in thus!

Sir *John.* You old Sot, you, to be caught ſo ſillily!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll ſo claw thee.

Sir *John.* I hope I ſhall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy Wooden Breaſt-work there.

Sir *John.* I hope to puſh thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Sir* Martin, Warner, Roſe, Milliſent *veil'd*, Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what, quarrelling among your ſelves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play; he ſhall never marry my Daughter.

Sir *Martin* leading *Roſe.* No, I'll be ſworn, that he ſhall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven: *in fine*, Sir, we are join'd together in ſpight of Fortune.

Roſe pulling off her mask. That we are indeed, Sir *Martin*, and theſe are Witneſſes; therefore, *in fine*, never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven.

Omnes. Roſe! *Warn.*

Warn. What, is *Rose* split in two? [illegible]

Mill. I, the best *Rose* you ever got in all your [illegible] [illegible]

Warn. This amazeth me so much, I know not what to say or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner*?

Sir *Mart.* Well, I thought it impossible any Man in *England* should have over-reach'd me; sure, *Warner*, there was some Mistake in this: prithee, *Billy*, let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every Man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir, for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en sit down by the loss, and content my self with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of 2000*l.* a Year?

Sir *Mart.* And I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd, *Warner*!

Mill. I have serv'd him but right, for the cheat he put upon me, when he perswaded me you were a Wit—now there's a Trick for your Trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir *John.* Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. { *They let him down.*

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there, till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little Consummation: But, for once, Sir, I'll trust your good Nature. [*Takes him down too.*

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman, it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was assur'd of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman, though his Father's Sufferings, in the late Times, hath ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master, and besides there's an Estate of 800*l.* a Year, only it is mortgaged for 6000*l.*

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part I am glad my Daughter has miss'd *in fine*, there.

Sir *John.* I will not be the only Man that must sleep without a Bedfellow to night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

La. *Dupe.* She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson that did the former execution, is still in the next Chamber; what with Cawdles, Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheadle two more of you into Matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir *Martin* looks melancholy! I am half afraid he is in Love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Rose.

Rose. At least, Sir *Mart*[illegible] Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, [illegible]

Sir *Mart.* I have [illegible] and, *in fine*, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Mart*[illegible] for you'll never be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my [illegible] if I had follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid, you begin of the latest, except your Love can grow up like a Mushroom, at a Night's Warning.

Warn. For that matter [illegible] I can love as fast as any Man, when I am [illegible] and never moves quick till it comes near the Quarry; he's an ill Falconer, that will unhood before the Quarry be in sight.

Love's an high-metall'd Hawk, that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

AS Countrey Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
[illegible] to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the [illegible] Sort may stay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unblest away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haste
With a short Epilogue to close your taste.
In thus withdrawing we seem mannerly,
But when the Curtain's down, we peep and see
A Jury of the Wits, who still stay late,
And in their Clubb decree the poor Play's Fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought;
Thence all the Town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, Gallants, we, like Lilly, *can foresee,*
But if you ask us what our Doom will be,
We, by to-morrow, will our Fortune cast,
As he tells all things when the Year is past.

FINIS.